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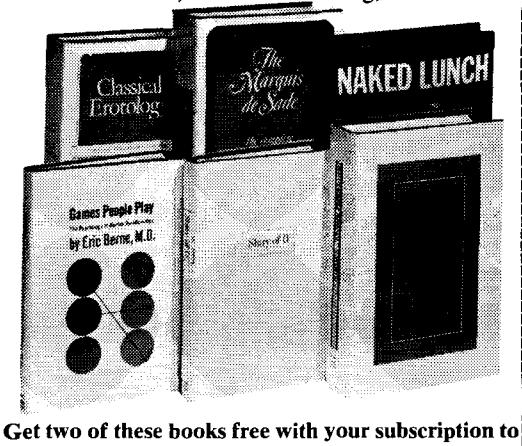

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

"No Account 90th Congress!"

★ President Johnson may have felt the storm coming. In surly fashion he told his press conference that because of his surgery he was abandoning the 16-state campaign trip – a trip which he insisted, contrary to all reporters' knowledge, was only a figment of the journalists' imagination. It was lucky for him. Because, in almost every state except Senator Lee Metcalf's Montana, the Democrats whom he would have tried to aid, lost. Mr. Johnson wouldn't have changed the result. Mr. Johnson would have put his foreign policy on the block and it would have seemed like a repudiation.

Why did the Republicans win? Simple enough, we think. We wrote that they were going to win when we said in this space, Sept. 3, "This is a requiem for liberals." We could have written the same judgment two years ago, the day after the Johnson landslide. The GOP has made a fairly standard mid-term recovery of an opposition party under the elastic two-party American system. Our figures then showed 40+ seats as a probable Republican gain, based on the last seven off-year election averages. Without being too sentimental about it, we reported that the 89th Congress was one of those lovely occasions when a President happens to have an absolute majority for liberal measures, and that it might not soon occur again. It was a little Camelot that we shall remember fondly. Mr. Johnson, of course, in the 90th still has a statistical majority which looks good on paper. But we think he has lost an effective majority.

Certain qualifications are necessary. No election is ever quite "normal"; this one had strong overtones of racism. (We are sick and tired of that term "white backlash," as though the Negroes were somehow responsible for the white hatred; it was there below the surface all the time and Stokely Carmichael just triggered it. Furthermore, it is senseless to appeal for "law and order"; you won't have law and order until you first have justice.)

Another point to make too, we think, is that there is nothing abnormal in the White House-legislative relationship upon which we are now entering. The veto power of the Dixie-GOP coalition has been the dominant fact in Congress for years. Congress is the conservative element in Washington, the anchor against progress. We expect it to be that way largely through 1967-68.

A third point, finally, is that the dynamic phase of the 89th was evidently deflating fast in its final days, like the air hissing out of a tire. Congress has had its bellyful of welfare radicalism. Now the loss of some 45 Democratic House seats (and corresponding Republican gain) makes a difference of 90. The new members will not all be reactionary, of course. But a switch of a mere 20 votes would have killed the demonstration cities bill, rent supplement appropriations, the "21-day rule" to curb the autocratic Rules Committee, and half-a-dozen other extraordinary measures. Not much leeway left for liberal maneuver in the 90th.

Return to Normalcy

★ We guess Washington with the new Congress is just going back to normal times – a normal White House-congressional tension that we have rather tended to forget. Not all forward movement will stop, of course, but it will require vastly more effort to get big measures through.

There are cynics who think this may be a blessing for Mr. Johnson. The reform drive was petering out anyway; and top leaders on the Hill were demanding consolidation, not innovation. Now Mr. Johnson can shrug his shoulders if he wants to, and inferentially blame Congress. To be sure, he won't be in the relation of Harry Truman to the 80th Congress – that "no account, do-nothing 80th" – which helped elect him in 1948. That was a Republican outfit and he could throw the kitchen sink at it. Democrats are responsible for the 90th. We hope we are wrong, but Mr. Johnson may wish it were the other way round before it is over.

This fallible column gets more letters complaining about its ambivalent attitude toward President Johnson than on any other subject. The trouble is, we *are* perplexed by the strange man. We reread his Oct. 12 Baltimore speech the other day, promising to hike social security benefits 10 percent when the 90th meets. It was splendid. There was emotion in it. He could see and feel the genteel poverty of the old folks patiently trying to live on niggardly payments, and he spoke from the heart of seeing "nursing homes so shabby and badly run that they made me heartsick and stomach-sick, too." No speechwriter could write that, it came from Mr. Johnson himself.

But at the same time we were affronted by his press conference about Manila, before leaving for Texas. He needled the press, he was hateful to Nixon (who was incredulous and enraptured by the attack) and you could have driven a truck through the credibility gap. We don't know anything that hurts an administration more than the feeling you can't trust it.

Nixon had made the absurd charge that the Manila pledge to quit Vietnam in "six months" is a giveaway. Goodness sakes, that promise is so hedged with qualifications as to be next to meaningless: we will leave if there is "no aggression, no infiltration and the violence ceased," as Mr. Johnson put it. It probably prolongs the war, not shortens it. We aren't accustomed to defending Dick Nixon, but we don't like any argument that impugns an opponent's patriotism.

In subsequent days we were told that the economy is fine, inflation falling, the need of a draft subsiding, everything rosy. Some allowance, of course, must be made for an election and a man facing disagreeable surgery. But we recall the blunt words of Charles W. Roberts, White House *Newsweek* correspondent, made October 13 at a guild meeting at Minneapolis. Distrust and hostility will not cease, he said curtly, until Mr. Johnson stops trying to "fool" the press and public. Harsh, maybe, but valid to many.

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The Image

CONTENTS

COMMENT 5, 6, 9
The Image, Reagan and Berkeley, The Revenuer and the "Red" in the Red, What's Good for ITT

Goodbye to All That
– *Andrew Kopkind* 7
But What Comes After the Moon?
– *Ralph E. Lapp* 10
College Crackdown in Argentina
– *Frank Manitzas* 12
College Crackdown in Rhodesia
– *Ian Henderson* 15

But for Whom?
– *Stanley Kauffmann* 17

BOOKS – *reviews and a poem by Stanley Karnow, Jesse Bier, Philip Toynbee, Stanley Moss*

MOVIES *by Pauline Kael* 24

CORRESPONDENCE 30

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The day before the elections, November 7, the Voice of America began using a brighter, faster broadcasting technique aimed primarily at the world's speakers of English, who now number more than a billion. Announcing this as "the new sound," the director of the government's overseas broadcasting agency, John Chancellor, explained to *The New York Times*, "Our broadcasts must not only be American, they must sound American and reflect the current image of the United States as an interesting, dynamic, up-tempo place." Giving examples of the "new sound," Chancellor said that the longest single item in the first hour of the day's revised programming was an interview with Secretary of State Dean Rusk that lasted only 4 minutes 38 seconds; the second longest item was a report (3 minutes 30 seconds) on new American typewriters designed for disabled persons. While playing tapes of the new program formula for the benefit of reporters, Chancellor pushed a button and his large conference room, the *Times* reported, "suddenly resounded to fifes and drums playing *Yankee Doodle*," ousting *Columbia* as VOA theme. Richard Krolick (who is Chancellor's chief consultant on "the new sound") declared that the "new motto" of the Voice of America "is 'think short'."

That's radio. The Secretary of the Navy, Paul H. Nitze, on September 29 explained his hopes for television, in remarks he made at the annual convention of the Radio and Television News Directors Association, in Chicago. Nitze told "President Gamble, distinguished guests and electronic journalists" that what he personally enjoyed most on television was "football and the late movie," but he considered TV "to be the outstanding medium for reporting news and presenting in-depth documentaries." For the invention has made it possible to provide the world with "instant news," and this, said Nitze, "has magnified radio and television's potential and responsibilities. Your industry is now committed to the stature of a major news medium, and a major share of the credit should go to you news directors, who have the awesome task of deciding each day what the public will receive on the tube and speaker." It's fortunate that the industry is geared to the speed of light, for it has to keep pace with the world "whose progress it is documenting." There couldn't be any question about its enormous influence, Nitze thought. "The mean age of the American public today is 28," he said, which means "that more than half of our people have grown up with your industry. They have accepted as a standard your methods of news gathering and reporting

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– their expectations have been influenced by the work you do and the manner in which you move forward." The Secretary of the Navy apparently didn't have any qualms about the content of forward motion; he knew what it was they had to do. "Today it is technically feasible to provide live television coverage of a strike against the communists in Vietnam from a Seventh Fleet carrier in the South China Sea. In the same scenario, the American public can be eye witnesses to the recovery of the returning aircraft, and see and hear the Navy pilots debrief their mission. It is also technically feasible that some missions could be covered live. I am confident that, through your work, your grandchildren will benefit by seeing the events of their world unfold in real time and in real perspective." "We hope that what we are doing whets your innate newsman's curiosity." said Nitze. "We think we have significant items for you to use, and we want to help you develop them" in "telling the Navy's story in and around Vietnam and around the world."

The Navy has information films "all in color" to offer television stations; so have the other services. State Department officials report a brisk demand for public showing of the motion picture, "Why Vietnam?" originally produced by the Defense Department to indoctrinate troops on their way to southeast Asia. The 32-minute film has been shown, free, to 446 college and high-school classes, 19 non-government and 12 government organizations, and on 13 commercial television stations. The picture opens with a shot of President Johnson reading a letter from a woman who says she could understand the Second World War but can't understand the one in Vietnam, where her son is now fighting. The scene shifts to Adolf Hitler and Neville Chamberlain in Munich in 1938. The picture freezes, with Chamberlain staring confidently into the camera as he says their agreement has guaranteed "peace in our time" and that England and France will never go to war again. A narrator says: "Peace in our time – a short cut to disaster. But even then, this was no new lesson." Flashbacks show Mussolini's troops in Ethiopia, and Nazi troops taking over Austria. An original sequence showing Chinese people as victims of Japanese aggression in the 1930s has been cut off, presumably for fear it would have confused present-day audiences. Mr. Johnson returns to the screen and says America has learned that "retreat does not bring safety, and weakness does not bring peace – and it is this lesson that has brought us to Vietnam." Tracing the historical background, the film shows the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu and the Geneva conference in 1954. The narrator says the Geneva agreement provided peace – "if the communists were in good faith." From then to now, he goes on, the communists in Vietnam have exerted steady pressure against the south, where there were free elections, land reform and other signs of progress.

The current war is shown by shots of combat teams helping to relieve suffering among Vietnamese civilians, planes striking military targets, evacuation of American wounded, and rows of flag-draped American caskets. Civilian casualties are mentioned, but only those caused by the enemy. There is no reference to napalm. There is nothing about the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, whose repressive regime was a major target of Viet Cong political action.

In his novel *1984*, George Orwell describes the four ministries, "of Truth, which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education and the fine arts; of Peace, which concerned itself with war; of Love, which maintained law and order; and the ministry of Plenty." An entry in a *1984* diary runs: "Last night to the flicks. All war films. One very good one of a ship full of refugees being bombed somewhere in the Mediterranean. Audience much amused by shot of a great huge fat man trying to swim away with a helicopter after him . . . you saw him through the helicopter's gunsights, then he was full of holes . . . then there was a wonderful shot of a child's arm going up up up right into the air, a helicopter with a camera in its nose must have followed it up. . . ." The films in Orwell's novel were made by the ministry of Truth; but we don't have to wait until 1984 for approximation to those excitements and incitements of the prophetic future. As Secretary Nitze observed to the news directors in Chicago, "Today it is technically feasible to provide live television coverage of a strike against communists in Vietnam."

Reagan and Berkeley

Two articles in this issue, pages 12 and 15, describe graphically how academic freedoms were torn up like paper by Argentine militarists and Rhodesian racists. Especially poignant is the fate of the University of Buenos Aires, whose fast-growing reputation was attracting both funds and scholars from abroad – until the army boot crunched down.

Could it happen here? The Berkeley campus of the University of California is said to have more Nobel prize winners on its teaching and research staffs than any other university in the world. But in the course of his campaign, the now victorious Republican candidate for the governorship of California demanded a full-scale investigation of the university. The Board of Regents which controls higher education in the state has publicly opposed "unwarranted interference." Will Governor Reagan, and his hardly less Goldwaterish State Superintendent of Public Instruction, take the hint and lay off?

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Goodbye to All That

by Andrew Kopkind

The best that can be said about the elections is that they removed a great many bores, and a few bums, from political life. Frank Clement, Pat Brown, "Soapy" Williams, Eddie McCormack, FDR Jr., Milton Shapp, Frank O'Connor – all were decent types, but the minutes with them flew by like hours. The candidates from beyond the fringe – George Mahoney in Maryland, Gen. Harrison Thyng in New Hampshire, Mayor Sabonjian of Waukegan in the Illinois senatorial race – were more amusing, but life is too short to be worth the laughs.

What is worst about the elections is that the bores were replaced by more of the same. When given the chance, voters moved unerringly toward the dead center. Despite what the newspaper columnists or Walter Cronkite may say, there has been no obvious swing to reactionaries and racists since 1964. But there has been a move away from experimentation, and the public has fallen back into its usual habit of choosing the safe, comfortable, well-groomed candidate.

Caution accounted for the defeat of most of the House "freshmen" who lost after one term. Two years ago, traditionally Republican voters threw it all to the winds for a season with the liberal Democrats. It was too much to ask that they support progress two terms running. Onto the dust-heap went Schmidhauser, Bandstra, Greigg and Hansen in Iowa; Vivian, Todd, Clevenger, and Farnum in Michigan; Huot in New Hampshire; Stalbaum in Wisconsin; Grider in Tennessee; McVicker in Colorado; Gilligan and Love in Ohio; Krebs and McGrath in New Jersey; Craley in Pennsylvania; Dyal in California; Mackay in Georgia.

In Virginia, voters dumped Pat Jennings, a lonely liberal, after six terms in office. Where there were no incumbents in House districts, candidates closest to the center did best: Royce Hanson, a liberal Democrat, lost to the Republican moderate, Gilbert Gude, in the Washington suburbs of Maryland. In northern Virginia, George Rawlings got no thanks for the services rendered in defeating Rep. Howard Smith in the Democratic primary; Rawlings lost to his Republican opponent. With very few exceptions, liberal challengers to conservative incumbents did worse than expected. Clive DuVal made a miserable showing against Rep. Joel T. Broyhill in northern Virginia, despite predictions of a photo-finish.

Beneath the visible level of wins and losses, there was little interest in free-wheeling candidates or issues. After six months of active campaigning, Yale professor Robert Cook hardly made a dent in the margin of victory for Rep. Robert Giaimo, a dreary Democrat from New Haven, Conn. Cook was running as an independent on a peace and antipoverty platform; he was an attractive, articulate candidate with a train of eager, vigorous young campaigners behind him. He did not expect to win, but a sizeable vote would have laid the base for a continuing organization in the grass roots.

Non-incumbent peace candidates did as poorly, or worse than they had during the spring and summer primaries. The lone "success" was Stephen Minot, in Connecticut's 6th District, who probably pulled enough votes away from the Democratic incumbent, Grabowski, to elect the Republican challenger. It was cold comfort for the "peace movement," which moved into politics on a broad scale this year for the first time.

Not that the war in Vietnam played no part in the elections: seen one way, the war was the only issue. It has produced disaffection in every section of the country, but the consequences fit no pattern. War anxiety is more likely to fix on racial conflict, or inflation, or just plain "liberalism" than on the actual issues of foreign policy. "President Johnson was really repudiated on Vietnam," an adviser to a Democratic senator said after the election, "but he'll never know it, and the voters may not know it either."

For the time being, the anti-war forces seem to be dead, or in a deep coma. Marches, teach-ins, draft-card burnings, and the more flamboyant examples of direct action stopped months ago when the political work began. The demonstrations hadn't helped much in any case. Now, the political form has proved no more successful in building a coherent peace movement. Some of the dove-inclined incumbents won reelection: Dow and Ryan in New York, Edwards, Burton and Brown in California; Kastenmeier in Wisconsin; Metcalf in Montana. But none of them made the war the crucial issue in their campaign, and in fact the anti-war militants themselves tried little acts of sabotage for the incumbents' sins of omission. There were more-peaceful-than-thou candidates or write-in campaigns against Kastenmeier, Joseph Resnick in New York, and Wes Vivian in Michigan.

The urge to kill was strongest in California, where "movement" radicals were happy to see the defeat of

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Pat Brown – if not the election of Ronald Reagan. Brown, after all, had ordered the sitters-in dragged from Sproul Hall at Berkeley; he had not understood about Watts, and when the revolt there was over, he did not know what to do about it. His administration had grown fat and arrogant, and besides, with Reagan the revolution might come sooner. Only a few cynics remembered the slogan of the German leftists in the early 'thirties: *Nach Hitler, uns.*

The only sign to give the doves a measure of hope was the election of a mini-bloc of "peace Republicans" to the Senate. Hatfield of Oregon, Percy of Illinois, and Brooke of Massachusetts will never bring about a reversal of US foreign policy, but they all have serious doubts about Vietnam, and their presence in Washington will bolster congressional criticism. It will be a bit harder next year for the Administration to get away with more escalation without cries from the Capitol.

If electoral politics did not turn out to be the proper vehicle for a war protest, it was not very much help to the Negro movement, either. In the first real test of "black power" at the polls, all seven Negro candidates lost their contests for local offices in Lowndes County, Alabama (*NR*, August 13). Negroes outnumbered whites in registration (as they do in few other Southern counties), and the Lowndes County Freedom Organization had been organizing and campaigning in that heart of darkness for a year. But several hundred Negroes, at least, could not bring themselves to vote for candidates of their own race; black votes elected the white officials.

Julian Bond won again in Atlanta, and Adam Clayton Powell – surprise! – was returned to Congress from Harlem, where he dare not venture for fear of being slapped in jail. Edward Brooke, as the TV commentators must have said a thousand times, will be "the first Negro in the Senate since 1881," and the first ever elected by popular vote (the other two were sent by the Reconstructionist Mississippi legislature). Whether that will be a victory for the civil rights movement is problematic. Brooke was further from the movement than his Democratic opponent, Endicott Peabody, and maybe he will wash whiter-than-white in the Senate.

However much pride Negroes may have felt in the election of Brooke, there was little joy in New York City, where the civilian police review board was abolished, by a 3-to-2 vote in referendum. Supporters of the board, who included Mayor Lindsay, Senators Kennedy and Javits, and *The New York Times*, pointed out that most of the complaints up for review were brought by middle-class whites, not poor Negroes. And although Negro leaders were all for the board, people in the ghetto were unconvinced by arguments that it would reform the police practices and attitudes which they resent. At best it was another "symbol" of white intentions to do right by Negroes, but even so it was swept away by racism, both overt and unspoken. The vote for the board did poorly in the Jewish neighborhoods, which are known for liberal voting patterns. Anti-review board sentiment may also account for the good showing of the Conservative Party's gubernatorial candidate, Paul Adams, who did surprisingly well among the "ethnic blocs." Adams' strength has relegated the Liberal Party to an even smaller role in New York politics. The Liberal candidate for governor, Franklin Roosevelt Jr., was clearly not half the man his mother was, and could not be rehabilitated.

From a long view, the election results only confirmed the developments in politics of the last year. The 90th Congress will be rough on innovative legislation; the classic conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats will be in control, as they almost always are. On the other hand, the second session of the 89th Congress was not a blazing success. The pressures for caution, control, and moderation in all things were in operation before the votes made it official.

There was growing resistance all year to anti-poverty action, massive aid for urban reconstruction, subsidized teachers and rent supplements, and initiatives to break up the Cold War. Legislation in some of those areas got through the checkpoints, but the votes were carried with less than whole heart. Representatives and senators in the 89th were beginning to respond to the new mood of their constituents.

The defeat of "open housing" in the Senate this fall foreshadowed the defeat of the police review board in New York, as well as the secret strength of the "backlash" in various instances. The more wild-eyed backlash candidates were victims of the same attitudes as the outspoken liberals; if voters are afraid of change, they will vote against George Mahoney and a dovelike, civil rights candidate on the same ballot (they did, in Maryland). But the backlash was an element in many contests where it was not a headline issue. The next Congress will be a lot more unfriendly to civil rights legislation than the last two.

Elections always seem to be behind the currents of the times. There was a lag between the popular excitement of the early Kennedy years, and the seating of the Congress which converted some of it into legislation. By the spring of 1965 – and the escalation of the war into North Vietnam – the era of rapid change had ended, but Washington bubbled for a few more months.

Last week's results indicate that the pace of politics, on the national level at least, is slowing to a creep. The next year will be spent discussing whether Nixon, Romney, Percy, Hatfield or Reagan will be the Republican presidential nominee, and if that isn't enough to bore Washington to tears, there will always be the weekly report on the progress of legislation.

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The Revenuer and The "Red" in the Red

The Internal Revenue Service employs trained special agents whose job it is to look into suspected tax frauds and get the goods on tax-law violators. In most cases involving federal income tax evasion, the agents go through the laborious process of comparing a man's life style with his reported income to determine whether the one makes possible the other. This is the so-called "net worth" method. If a taxpayer reports a $10,000 annual income but somehow manages to buy outright a $40,000 house and a $5,000 car, there are several possible explanations: He may have been hoarding his money for years. He may have received a nontaxable gift. Or, he may not have reported all his taxable income to the government. The IRS special agent is supposed to find out which it is and, in the process, compile sufficient documentation to support the government's case should it go to court.

Occasionally in his zeal to get a strong case an agent may let himself be influenced by extraneous matters. In May 1959, an IRS special agent was assigned to the case of Reuben G. Lenske, a well-known Portland attorney suspected of federal income tax evasion. The agent visited Mr. Lenske, asked to inspect his papers, and before he was through had spent two years reading "thousands" of documents, assembling 468 exhibits and a list of 315 possible government witnesses. In June 1961, the agent submitted his report recommending criminal prosecution against Lenske. The agent figured that Lenske had evaded $11,465.74 in federal tax for the year 1955, that he had evaded $19,412.88 in 1957, and $7,746.85 in 1958, for a total of more than $38,000. The Oregon US District Court which subsequently convicted Lenske found the agent's tax figures grossly exaggerated. It determined that Lenske actually owed only slightly more than $4,000 for the three years in question. The US Court of Appeals which last month reversed the conviction thought it knew why the figures had been blown up: "Some element foreign to the functions and duties of a government tax officer was corroding [the special agent's] judgment."

In the 37-page investigation report submitted to IRS by special agent Albert Deschenes was a section titled "History of Taxpayer." It noted that Reuben Lenske had been born in Russia and that "Representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Portland, and the Intelligence Division of the Portland Police Department stated that they have reason to believe that Mr. Lenske is a communist. In fact, they each maintain an extensive file on Mr. Lenske." One of the exhibits attached to the report was a newspaper clipping reporting a meeting Lenske was calling to form a local chapter of the National Lawyers Guild, a left-wing group which has defended civil liberties and civil rights cases and criticized American foreign policy. Another exhibit discussed "Mr. Lenske's thinking on the subject of Cuba, Laos, China, etc." And there was a letter to the editor from Lenske critical of US activities in these countries. (During his trial Lenske got permission to inspect the agent's report, but the section on his supposed political proclivities was kept from him.) In recommending prosecution the agent said he thought "this case would have a definite beneficial effect in this community."

In reversing Lenske's conviction Judge Joseph Warren Madden said, "when the special agent's report came in to his superiors, with his naïve disclosure . . . that he placed high among the reasons why Lenske should be criminally prosecuted for income tax evasion Lenske's being a left-wing lawyer and having unorthodox political and social ideas, his superiors should have immediately removed him from the case and discarded every judgment which was contained in his recommendation. The special agent had given his superiors express notice that he was confused with regard to his duties and with regard to the basic ideals of his government. Discarding two-and-one-half years of dedicated endeavor of the special agent would have been a small price to pay to get the government and its awesome taxing authority back on the path of fairness and decency. . . . This court will not place its stamp of approval upon a witch-hunt, a crusade to rid society of unorthodox thinkers and actors by using federal income tax laws and federal courts to put such people in the penitentiary."

What's Good for ITT . . .

As we noted on October 15 ("Broadcast Ownership"), the biggest transfer-of-ownership case ever to come before the Federal Communications Commission was in a fair way to slip through virtually unnoticed, until some congressional aides became concerned and their senators began firing off letters asking for more study. Representatives of the International Telephone and Telegraph Co., on the other hand, have been urging quick approval of its plan to absorb the American Broadcasting Co. as a wholly-owned subsidiary.

Questions were raised by Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, 31-year-old former Maritime Service Administrator named to the FCC last June, and Louis C. Stephens, of the FCC's broadcast bureau and common carrier bureau. They wanted to know whether ITT's new interest in television programming might not sometime conflict with its extensive foreign interests

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on its space contracts with the federal government. Sixty percent of its income comes from abroad, largely from foreign subsidiary telephone companies and from the sale of communications equipment to foreign governments. Another 20 percent is from space contracts with the US government.

Johnson asked John A. McCone, former director of the Central Intelligence Agency and now an ITT director, whether ITT did not try to work closely with foreign governments where it had plants and maintain good relations with them. Yes, McCone replied, "in that regard, the interests of the government and the interests of the company are in parallel," a statement that meant the same but lacked the punch of Charles E. Wilson's, "What's good for General Motors is good for the country."

"But do you see any possibility that there might sometime be an instance in which ABC would want to do a public affairs documentary on an issue involving a foreign country and its relations with the US and that the interests of ITT might be somewhat different from those the ABC producer would like to present?" Johnson asked.

"No, I couldn't imagine that," said McCone.

Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon has asked for a delay until congressional hearings can be held after Congress returns in January. And now Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan, chairman of the antitrust and monopoly subcommittee, has urged the commission to order a full formal hearing.

But What Comes After the Moon?

by Ralph E. Lapp

Now that the goal of reaching the moon is within sight, it is time to make a realistic appraisal of the future US space program. Conditions have changed since the day in 1961 when President Kennedy announced Project Apollo. President Johnson does not have the political elbow room to make such a $30-billion decision. The war in Vietnam and the changed domestic scene force the nation to allocate funds on a priority basis.

A critical question faces the US space agency, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Project Apollo seeks to place Americans on the moon in two or three years and takes up about three-fourths of NASA's $5-billion budget. Because of the long lead-time in NASA work, some of the Apollo contractors have just about finished their jobs. If no follow-on program for Project Apollo is authorized, 100,000 space workers will be out of work in another year. A powerful producer of NASA appropriations has been the space exploits of the Soviet Union. But the influence of Soviet competition is waning and after men land on the moon it will diminish further.

The question of what to do with the US space effort after Apollo really translates to: "What is the value of man in space?" This turns on the relative value of men and instruments.

I confine myself to civilian uses of space, and take the position that there is very little use for man in space if one considers the comparative cost of manned, and instrumented, space missions. Our modern technology with its emphasis on microminiaturization can cram many sensors, data-processing equipment and transmission gear into a small package. The single greatest discovery of the Space Age – the Van Allen radiation belt – was made with only a 30-lb. payload.

Spacecraft designed to take men on extended journeys must provide weighty life-support systems and safety mechanisms. Saturn V weighs 3,170 lbs. fully fueled at launch time. The command capsule to be returned to earth weighs five tons. The thrust required for such a prodigious space vehicle is supplied by burning hydrocarbons and hydrogen with liquid oxygen. This propulsion technology, directly descended from the V-2 of World War II, involves huge tanks, pumps and mechanisms. That's why the space program is so expensive.

Given a choice, most scientists would substitute instruments for men. Scientific data are acquired by instruments, rarely by man's sense organs. In orbit, he becomes a caretaker of instruments and his very presence on board "bumps off" a ton or so of apparatus which could be put to experimental use.

NASA colonization of the lunar surface would appear to be a logical sequel to Apollo. Presumably this would involve ferry trips from earth to moon, and establishment of semi-permanent lunar stations. A NASA official told a congressional committee last year that it might be profitable to mine gold on the moon.

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A Saturn V capable of returning a ton of gold to earth has a price tag of about $100 million. To be economic, this space vehicle would have to be available at one-hundredth this cost.

I believe that the NASA manned space program must be cut back. I do not see how President Johnson could come to any other decision. Manned spectaculars must give way to instrumented programs, and we must relate space spending to national science policy.

Prior to World War II, the government followed a rather tight policy of non-involvement with the physical sciences. There was no research and development budget as such. Some research funds went to agriculture, but there was little hint in the federal budget that some day $16 billion would be earmarked for research and development. First Hitler, then Stalin, then Khrushchev was responsible.

But no fourth personality has appeared on the world scene to jolt US spending still higher. Mao Tse-tung's Yangtze swim might have had a Sputnik-like impact if he had *walked* across the river. US reaction could have been to authorize a multi-million-dollar program on anti-gravity research, code-named Project MacArthur. Mao's inability to levitate leaves US research lacking an external stimulus. No sharp increases are in sight for its funding. Given a negative decision on post-Apollo, the R&D budget may turn down for the first time in the past two decades. The globe-spanning reach of ballistic missiles, the uncanny nimbleness of electronic computers and the awesome power of thermonuclear weapons symbolize an ability of applied science to overfulfill military requirements. In effect, the output of science is saturating military demand. The fairly constant military R&D budget for the past six years reflects this fact.

We must keep these facts in mind as we look at NASA's future. Our photographic reconnaissance of the moon was undertaken primarily for support of project Apollo – to help scout out the feasibility of landing on the lunar surface. Photographs have given scientists information about small craters far beyond the resolving power of earth-based telescopes. This information is interesting to scientists, and valuable to specialists, but it would not be sufficient justification in the eyes of legislators concerned with approving NASA appropriations.

When a NASA spacecraft cruised past Mars, it relayed back to earth information about that planet's atmosphere. A scientist-adviser to NASA told the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences: "Already Mariner IV has given us a new comprehension of the role of higher levels of carbon dioxide in an atmosphere. This alone was worth the price of the flight perhaps many times over." Mariner IV's total cost was $84.7 million.

Over 99.9 percent of observational astronomy, and the near totality of information about our Universe, has been based on telescopes fixed to this planet. Astronomers know that additional earth-based instruments will yield a rich store of new information, and they have proposed a 10-year program, which specified for optical telescopes a total of $68 million.

While astronomers go begging for money with which to build earth-based telescopes, NASA has programmed $300 million for a series of five OAOs – Orbital Astronomical Observatories. The first OAO failed in orbit and this failure cost the equal of three years of federal support to earth-based astronomical research. Some scientists, possibly dazzled by NASA's money wagon, are engaging in a game of astronomical roulette. NASA has showered many scientists with contract money and has been able to fall back on a powerful ally – the Space Sciences Board of the National Academy of Sciences, a NASA-funded group which serves in an advisory capacity to NASA. The National Academy grants a great deal of autonomy to its many boards, committees and councils. In the case of the Space Sciences Board, there is no referendum of this group's recommendations and conclusions to the full membership of the Academy.

The nation's science policy is at a crossroads and scientists ought to take the initiative and make recommendations. I personally believe that the biological scientists bear a heavy responsibility to chart the future. The perfection of certain human organ replacements is less of a challenge than the effort to make a missile system, and the human need is great. A Great Society dedicated to meeting human needs has a profound obligation to apply progress in bioscience on a broad scale.

There is increasing discontent in Congress about its role in rubber-stamping R&D programs as submitted to it by the White House. Yet Congress has not evolved a mechanism for treating research and development as a whole. Delegation of responsibility to many different committees makes a patchwork of research and development policy. A national commission should be established to study the overall problem of setting science priorities, and recommending structural changes in the nation's science establishment. For example, the Atomic Energy Commission is badly in need of reorganization. The National Commission on Science Policy could evaluate the benefits of merging the AEC with NASA to form a single research agency. I would expect that this commission would publish a comprehensive

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report on the state of US science and technology.

I have asked a number of scientists for their views on what the NASA budget ought to be after Apollo. I have found practically no support for manned space missions. Replies to my budgetary question have ranged from $1 to $2 billion per year. These figures apply to the NASA budget after 1970. Such a budget would allow for a vigorous research effort with instrumented space vehicles. I have also found considerable sympathy for converting the US space program into a truly international project – one in which launch facilities and monitoring stations come under the aegis of the United Nations. The US example has already influenced other nations to allocate funds to space research more for prestige than for scientific benefits. The internationalization of US space research would help such countries attain a more balanced R&D program.

Any talk of a $3- to $4-billion slash in the NASA budget is going to produce a backlash. No government agency likes to be deflated. Furthermore, NASA contracts out about $3 billion of its work to a dozen US corporations. About 400,000 space workers have their paychecks countersigned by NASA. No wonder that we see impassioned editorials in the trade press, urging a big space program. Here is a modest example from a recent editorial: "We feel space exploration is a *necessity* rather than a luxury. It is as significant to mankind as any scientific, social or political program on earth. In the long run, it may be even more important than slum clearance, pollution control, mass transportation, universal higher education, medicare and other vital programs."

An aerospace executive, Donald W. Douglas, Jr. predicts "a truly vast improvement in travel by rocket . . . as an acceptable means of transporting people for business [and] vacation. . . ." The other day Dr. Werner von Braun reported: "Excess salinity of the soil in the cotton fields of Texas as a result of irrigation showed clearly in photographs made in the Gemini program."

NASA spends $5 million of its budget to advertise and promote "technological fallout" from the space program. The plain truth is that the $5 billion a year that NASA spends takes us on an economic detour. NASA's work concentrates on a form of engineering which is artificial in our economy. Massive structures, tanks, pumps and ground support have little relation to anything germane to our industry. NASA billions have not found a way to get people from city to suburbs or vice versa. And if we want to measure salt in soil, I am certain chemists know how to do it without going into orbit.

There is a multitude of problems right here on earth which science can help solve. The problems are urgent and demand immediate attention. I do not see comparable urgency or immediacy in gaining new knowledge about the solar system and distant stars. A US space program keyed to $1 to $2 billion a year is surely a "fair share" of the total R&D budget.

Crackdown on Colleges – Argentina

by Frank N. Manitzas

Buenos Aires

The first call from the riot squad of the Buenos Aires federal police was concise: "We won't see action until Monday." An hour later, the same voice said, "Plans have changed. We're moving tonight." It reminded me of an army order to attack. But instead of a guerrilla outpost or a supply line, the enemy target that Friday, July 29, was the University of Buenos Aires.

The main battleground was Calle Peru, a narrow street in the heart of the national capital, a few blocks from Government House. The street has shoddy stores, a few modern office buildings, some kiosks, coffee shops and bars –and a dreary, eighteenth-century Spanish colonial house, with grimy windows and paint peeling from its arching green doors. Behind its cracked, mud-brick walls is the Buenos Aires Faculty of Exact and Natural Sciences, the leading scientific center in Latin America.

There was a light mist as police trucks and buses stopped and brown-shirted, helmeted riot police clambered out. From a truck loudspeaker, an order blared toward the faculty building: "You have five minutes to get out." A tall police lieutenant, his fist clenched around the ceremonial dagger at his hip, waited briefly and then began haranguing the poised squads of riot troops. His last words sent the police racing toward the faculty: "Hit those sons of bitches with everything you've got. . . ."

Windows shattered as tear-gas shells hit and ex-

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ploded. Six men forced the main door and the riot troops rushed yelling into the faculty, truncheons and rifles in hand. Other policemen remained in the doorway, barring the entrance to a gathering group of newsmen. Ten minutes passed in almost eerie silence. And then, hands above their heads, the first professors and students began to stumble out into the street. Many were bruised and some were bleeding. A patrolman said, "Get this man to a hospital quickly." Another patrolman led the wounded man, a professor of radio astronomy, to a squad car. "Not my car," said the officer. "It doesn't have plastic seat covers. Put him in the bus." He was led to the police bus and left in the front seat; blood ran down his face and hands, down the steps of the bus into the gutter.

The bus filled, then a truck, and another truck – 150 – 200 – 250 students and professors. Carrying the broken stump of his 39-inch wooden truncheon, a policeman strolled out of the faculty and grinned as a companion called to him, "You really let them have it, Che, didn't you." A girl walked out with her mouth open, a tooth hanging over her lip held by a few shreds of nerve. The left side of her face was swollen and the color of putty.

Dr. Rolando Garcia, a meteorologist who had been dean of the faculty since 1958, came out with his hands in the air, his left one bleeding, the little finger broken. Days later, Garcia told me: "They acted like animals."

Dr. Rodolfo Busch, chairman of the inorganic chemistry department and father of ten children, spent the next few days in bed with back injuries. He, his colleagues and students, were forced to run a gauntlet of police swinging clubs and rifles. "I tried to figure out some way to hide," Busch says, "but I saw some police holding submachine guns. I decided it was better to be beaten up in the gauntlet. To have tried to escape would have been suicide."

Seventy-year-old Dr. Julio Simon, former secretary general of the University of Buenos Aires, stumbled out of the faculty, his white hair streaked with blood. The Faculty of Exact and Natural Sciences bore the brunt of the police action, but a few hundred yards away, around the corner from the science center, police were using truncheons and rifles to clear out the Faculty of Architecture, and a few miles uptown, at the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters, students and professors were singing the national anthem as police broke into the building.

One hundred and forty-nine students were jailed, charged with illegally occupying university buildings and resisting authority. Among those arrested (but he was released in a few hours) was an American mathematician, Professor Warren Ambrose of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who was completing his second semester as a visiting professor at the Faculty of Exact and Natural Sciences. He had been attending a meeting of the governing council when the riot squad arrived and he was hit by police on the back of the neck and body. He would never forget the scene: "Soldiers rushing in, hitting left and right, then everyone forced to run a gauntlet. Can you imagine – distinguished professors, students and coeds, the dean of a faculty – running a gauntlet? There's no reason I can think of that would explain it."

"Order and Discipline"

The new military regime in Argentina had come to power a month earlier by throwing out the constitutionally elected government of President Arturo Illia, and had its own explanation: in the words of one of its spokesmen, to introduce "order and discipline" into higher education. The move was part of their general plan for transforming and, as they will tell you, modernizing Argentina. The universities have traditionally been a key source of opposition to military dictatorships in Argentina, most notably during the 12-year regime of General Juan Peron. Military officers have insisted for years that the state universities are "breeding grounds for communism." The armed forces suspected that their latest revolution would not be supported by the intellectual community. There has never been any real rapport or communication between the military and the intellectuals in Argentina. They are not even trained in the same school system.

When the Argentine armed forces ousted President Illia, they dissolved Congress and all political parties, threw out all elected officials in provincial and municipal governments, replaced the members of the Supreme Court with their own appointees, and subordinated the constitution to their own revolutionary code. Lt. General Juan Carlos Ongania now functions as a one-man President and Congress combined. His Law No. 16,912 clamped down the lid on Argentina's eight state universities and their 200,000 students, abolished the autonomy of the Argentine university system and did away with the tripartite system of university self-government under which the universities were administered by governing councils representing professors, students and alumni. Law 16,912 put rectors and deans under the Ministry of the Interior, and students were warned against engaging in political activities.

Less than four hours after the law was signed, Rector Hilario Fernandez Long and the deans of the University of Buenos Aires had resigned. Within the week, their example was followed by officials of the major state universities. In San Miguel de Tucuman, the city

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where Argentine independence was first declared 150 years ago, university officials offered to stay on in their posts in return for guarantees of academic freedom. When the government refused, they walked out.

At the University of Buenos Aires – South America's largest, with 80,000 students – professors and graduate assistants started submitting their resignations. As time wore on the wave became a flood. Many professors made plans to leave Argentina for jobs in the United States, Chile, Peru, Venezuela. The majority came from the university's most advanced departments and modern disciplines. Many held doctoral degrees from the leading universities of Europe and the United States. The professors they left behind were of an older generation, with little understanding of modern education, science and research.

The new generation is exemplified by Dr. Juan Roederer, director of Argentina's National Center of Cosmic Radiation. I first met Roederer in 1963, when his investigation of x-ray activity in the Van Allen belt was beginning to draw worldwide attention in scientific circles. In 1964, he was given a two-year leave of absence from the University of Buenos Aires to accept an invitation from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in the United States. Roederer felt that his first obligation was to his own country but less than two months after he returned to Argentina to resume his teaching and research, federal police ran roughshod through his faculty and Roederer resigned. Roederer says, "Quite evidently, the government did not reckon with the recently earned international prestige of some of our schools of science. It was unaware of the scientific standing of the professors and scientists who were beaten by the police."

Funds from Ford

This was a generation that attracted research funds and equipment from the International Atomic Energy Commission, the US Air Force, the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, and a host of other agencies; that was attracting distinguished visiting professors from MIT, the University of California, the University of Chicago, and was sending its own members to do research around the globe.

Professor Gino Germani, an Italian-born social scientist who developed the first modern university program in sociology at Buenos Aires, ranks high on the Argentine army list of dangerous subversives. During his tenure as director of the Department of Sociology at the University of Buenos Aires, Germani sent half his staff abroad for graduate training in the United States, and brought in an array of visiting scholars from Berkeley, Tulane, Cornell and the Sorbonne. Germani himself now occupies a chair at Harvard University. Generally regarded abroad as one of the leading sociologists of Latin America, Germani is looked upon in Argentine military circles as a cousin of anti-Christ.

An even greater bête noir of the Argentine generals is Rolando Garcia, the dean of sciences who was a special target of the federal police on the night of Friday, July 29. In eight years as dean, he sent scores of young Argentines abroad for graduate training, then made sure they came back to work in their own country. He cajoled, pushed, bullied and fought to get buildings, equipment, books and research grants for his scientists. He went around the world seeking help for his faculty, and got it from UNESCO, the US Air Force, the Inter-American Development Bank, and others. The Ford Foundation alone granted over a million dollars for the faculty during Garcia's term. He persuaded scientists and mathematicians from MIT and Yale, from UCLA and Chicago, from Germany and Hungary, to come to Argentina as visiting professors. Himself a graduate of UCLA, Garcia transformed an understaffed, underequipped, poorly housed faculty into the most prestigious scientific center in Latin America.

Unfortunately, Garcia's drive is not tempered either by patience or tact. When the Argentine Air Force requested his cooperation for their rocket program, he turned them down flat, saying it would be a waste of time. He alienated most of the older generation of Argentine scientists by attacking them repeatedly and publicly as "sacred cows." Over the years he managed, at one time or another, to insult key government officials, university colleagues, the US Embassy, and the Argentine armed forces. They countered by branding him and his faculty communist, citing as proof his trips to the Soviet Union and China. The label sticks in Argentina, but not abroad. Garcia has received invitations from several countries, including the offer of a research appointment at UCLA.

The leading figure in Argentine university education during the past ten years, Dr. Risieri Frondizi, is already at UCLA as a visiting professor. Frondizi, a philosophy professor who headed the University of Buenos Aires from 1957 to 1962, left Argentina after the military government took over the state university system. "I cannot," he said, "remain a professor of a university that has been made subject by an act of force." Long persona non grata in army circles, Frondizi during the five-year period when he controlled the University of Buenos Aires launched its greatest era of expansion and modernization, and established a university press that became a leading publishing house for the Spanish-speaking world. He told critics who said that the state universities were failing in their obligations to Argentine society, "in the last ten years, 40,000 young Argentines were graduated from the University of Buenos Aires, a figure larger than the total

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number of graduates during the preceding century."

Frondizi's enemies say that he is a Marxist who opened the doors of the university to communist infiltration and subversion, and gave the students free, irresponsible rein in its councils, under the influence of Moscow and Peking. He explained to me before he left: "There are communists in this and in many other Latin American, US and European universities. This does not mean that the communists control or may gain control of the university. They are a minority. Nor do the students control the university. By law, professors in Argentina outnumbered the students two to one on the governing councils. Being a student is not equivalent to being a communist, and this must be said only because there are those within the government who say and feel otherwise."

Trained at the University of Michigan, Frondizi has taught philosophy at Yale, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Texas, worked at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, and last year was invited to be keynote speaker at the opening of Cornell's Latin American Year.

Argentine students have often in the past gotten well out of hand, to the despair of their teachers and deans. They have been quick to take to the streets on any and all issues, from US intervention in the Dominican Republic to the Argentine university budget, from the Vietnam war to curriculum reform in their faculties. They have been obstructive and noisy and, occasionally, violent. But, as physicist Juan Roederer has said, "Students always have rebel tendencies, wherever they are. Both the US and the USSR face this problem."

University leaders do not believe the answer to student agitation is the police truncheon, a fact the military regime itself is beginning to observe, both in the national capital and in the provinces. Since mid-August, student protests, in the streets and in the classroom, have increased not diminished. Cordoba, heart of Argentina's automotive industry with a population of over a million, has seen student outbursts that forced the newly appointed rector to close the country's oldest state university. Police retaliation culminated in the death of a student in early September, further incensing the students. In Buenos Aires, where a former criminal court judge was selected to govern Argentina's largest university, few officials feel safe without squads of riot police at all entrances and exits to university buildings. The story is the same in Tucman, Rosario, La Plata. If you ask students why they continue their protest – when the government is now publicly promising to restore university autonomy, under control of professors – many reply: "The best professors are already gone."

General Ongania promised to create the conditions necessary to stem Argentina's brain drain. Argentina's foremost man of science and Nobel laureate, Dr. Bernardo A. Houssay, says: "It is difficult to train capable scientists, teachers and researchers. It is easy to eliminate them and destroy their work. To reconstitute is a long and difficult task." *La Nacion* says: "With each passing day, the prospects of an effective solution of the university problem seem further away."

College Crackdown in Rhodesia

The Rhodesian police called it "Operation Intellect." The exercise went smoothly early on July 27, a cold morning in the middle of the Rhodesian winter. Police cars moved onto the campus of the University College of Rhodesia in Salisbury at 5:30 a.m. and arrested nine lecturers and nine students, rushing the lecturers at high speed to Salisbury prison, three miles away down a broad highway lined with flame-trees and jacarandas. By breakfast time we were congregated around a table in a bleak prison cell, contemplating the indifferent porridge, and wondering how long we would be kept there. No charges had been made against us, nor were any made during our stay in prison.

We were prized exhibits for the prison staff. "We've never had blokes of your intelligence before," said one warder. We soon struck up a joking relationship with our white captors, but we steered clear of politics, for we knew that the prison service is not a great haven for liberals; we found none; the Rhodesian intelligence authorities who will undoubtedly read this article need have no fear of disloyalty in that area of white society. Prime Minister Ian Smith also has the support of white criminals, as we quickly discovered. "We support the government!" they shouted up at our windows as they exercised in the yard below.

A week later we were taken from jail and deported. A security man took me right to the steps of the plane and watched me get in. "I hope we meet in happier circumstances," he said. It is this mixture of cloak-and-dagger police methods and extreme politeness which gave our deportation its peculiar Rhodesian flavor. Our basic human rights were violated in the blandest possible manner. Our careers and our homes in Rhodesia were annihilated with a police smile.

Why were we arrested and deported? Why could the Smith regime no longer afford to let us stay in Rhodesia? The answer lies in the vital place the University College in Salisbury has in the thinking and propaganda of Rhodesians. Founded in 1957 under a semi-liberal government, it is an impressive piece of development in the middle of a country which prides itself on development. Covering one square mile in a luxury

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white suburb of Salisbury, it is one of the finest campuses in Africa. Acres of parkland and gardens surround the sprawling, new white buildings basking in the super-clear sunshine of the 4,000-foot plateau of Central Africa.

From the start the college was open to all races, and Africans have consistently formed about 30 percent of the student body. But from the start, the problem was never solved of what could be the place of these African graduates in a society whose assumptions and conventions are those of the whites, and where all power lies in a white government. Would Africans be willing to accept the "standards" laid down by whites? On the answer to this question hung the whole issue of the future of a multiracial state in central Africa. Could an African elite be manufactured who would accept white leadership in the foreseeable future?

1962 answered this question. The Zimbabwe African People's Union, containing African intellectuals as well as ordinary tribesmen, was banned. The white government had finally acknowledged that white and black power were incompatible, and that no compromise was possible. Africans, once willing to compromise, were thrust into a position where they saw that swift majority rule was the only safeguard for African aspirations. White liberals' hope of a black "buffer class" supporting "responsible government" against "irresponsible black extremists" receded. For middle-class Africans were discriminated against in the economic and social sphere just as were all Africans, and they hurt more.

Accompanying this swing to the right were sterner police-state measures. But the police and the government found it difficult to enforce their authority at the college. It was, after all, a show-window of supposed multiracial harmony for all the world to see. And besides, academics have powerful friends and operate effectively at an international level. The government, therefore, did not attempt a frontal attack on the college: it concentrated instead on arresting student leaders at their homes and harassing them generally.

The unilateral declaration of independence of November 11, 1965, polarized the situation at the college and made a clash difficult to avoid. With the college authorities adopting an uneasy neutrality, police clashed with student demonstrators in March and July of this year. Some members of the academic staff, including myself, thought it necessary to resist police and government intrusion into the college. Some talked of "academic freedom"; I preferred to see it as a fight for survival by the only institution left in Rhodesia which stood for liberal values. Academic freedom by itself would be a hollow mockery in a country where ordinary civic freedom has been lost.

It was a frustrating fight, for we knew that ultimately the man with the gun wins. A police state can do as it pleases. There is no higher power, no judiciary, no fundamental law to stop it.

Our experience was not typical. Africans are arrested and detained without trial every day, and no one hears about it. There are thousands of political prisoners in Smith's jails and restriction camps, not knowing when they will get out, or when they can lead normal lives again. Alexander Mashawira was found beaten to death in a prison cell in Salisbury in January, 1964. A police officer tried for his murder was acquitted. John Chimedza was similarly found dead in Borrowdale police station this year.

Despite the British government's vow to bring down Smith's regime, the situation in Rhodesia is as it has always been: 4,000,000 Africans support 220,000 whites; the five percent of the population who are white have 66 percent of the national income, earn an average $400 per month, compared with $40 per month for Africans.

Rhodesia is not one nation, but two. Black and white seldom come together except as master and servant, governor and governed. The whites live in American-style cities, with skyscraper office blocks, wide streets full of gleaming cars, and tree-lined avenues leading to the white suburbs, where a white man has servants and a swimming pool. Africans live crowded together in dusty, ill-lit townships.

The British prime minister, Harold Wilson, has gone on record as standing by six principles which will have to govern any settlement in Rhodesia. These are guarantees of unimpeded progress to majority rule, no retrogressive amendment of the constitution, racial discrimination must go, the Africans' political power must be increased, any settlement must be acceptable to the people of Rhodesia as a whole, and there must be no oppression of the majority by the minority, or vice versa. Wilson has disavowed the use of force to bring about a solution, but has agreed to take the matter to the United Nations by the end of the year if he and Ian Smith have failed to agree by then.

This is when the United States will be inexorably drawn into the affair. If Britain asks for mandatory sanctions under UN auspices against Rhodesia, and if South Africa, Rhodesia's friend and savior, refuses to cooperate in enforcing them, the UN will face the prospect of direct confrontation with South Africa, the most powerful military force on the African continent. Would the United States be prepared to support such a confrontation, to the extent of a naval blockade, or some kind of military intervention? The answer is as yet unclear.

IAN HENDERSON

MR. HENDERSON *is now lecturer in History at the University of Zambia and recently concluded a tour of the United States.*

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *But For Whom?*

A few anthologies are literary events, like *The Modern Tradition* edited by Ellmann and Feidelson. Most anthologies are merely publishing events. The former are works with one or more features: they make available a lot of inaccessible or unappreciated work; they create profiles of extraordinary editorial taste or intellect; their materials are arranged, annotated and analyzed so that, without distorting the original individual items, a new and valid composite work evolves. But the majority of anthologies, the publishing events, are principally matters of useful or less useful merchandising. *The World of Modern Fiction*, edited by Steven Marcus,* is, disappointingly, only a publishing event.

So I begin with a marketplace matter: its price. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents! For two volumes totaling 1,035 pages, most unimpressively designed and produced, without jackets, and in a box with a one-color wrapping. It is true that, unlike many anthologies, each of the 36 items in the table of contents is a copyrighted work for which a permission fee had to be paid; and some of those fees must have been substantial because several of the selections have previously been published as individual books (*e.g.*, Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*). Still, the same publishers have just issued a sports anthology of 750 pages, containing over 125 items – almost all in copyright – at a price of $10. The disproportion in price suggests not only that a better sale is expected for the sports book but that the publishers expect it to be bought by those who will read it. The Marcus price suggests that – in the publisher's mind – it was designed as an expensive gift: for the Man Who Has Everything – Except Modern Fiction.

The price is not the only reason for this feeling. Compare another anthology from the same publisher, *A Treasury of the Theatre* edited by John Gassner, a three-volume boxed set published in 1951, now selling for $22.50. For that money, in more than 1,800 pages, the purchaser gets 65 plays (only a few of them are one-acters), an introductory essay to each section, an introduction to each play, and extensive bibliographical material. Gassner's work is helpful to anyone, and as far as any anthology can support such a claim, it is a one-set library for the intelligent non-specialist.

The Marcus anthology has a ten-page introduction, but no further notes or comments on the individual works and no biographical or bibliographical help. (I shall have to look elsewhere for information about Dazai Osamu, whose interesting acquaintance I made here.) And, as noted below, it is not a satisfactory one-set library on its subject.

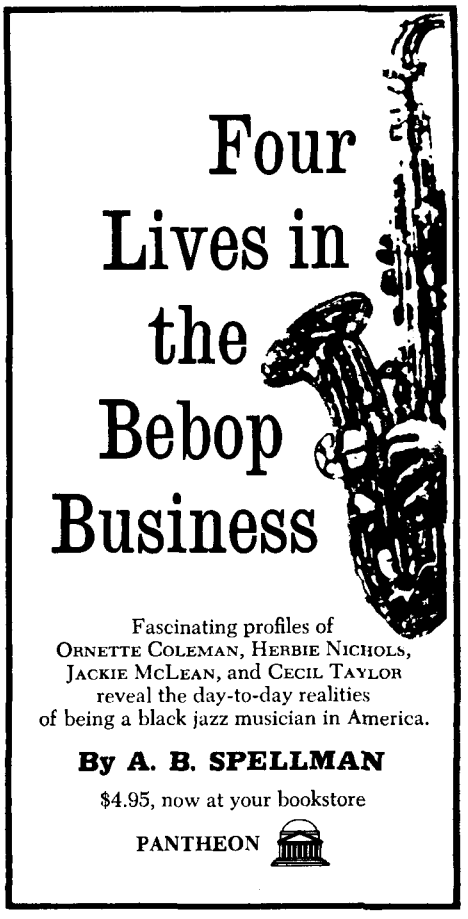
One of Marcus' volumes is of American writers (16), the other of Europeans (20). With the former he includes Isaac Bashevis Singer who writes in Yiddish; with the latter he includes Dazai, a Japanese, and Jorge-Luis Borges, an Argentinian. Marcus says that their works have had much influence on American and European writers and have come to "belong" peripherally. Perhaps a better reason for including them is the title of the anthology. But that title leads to another, different criticism. Marcus of course knows that his title is audacious, but his audacity is inadequately supported.

Let us omit the tiresome reviewer's game, *vis-à-vis* anthologies, of second-guessing the selections; every anthologist recognizes in advance that every reviewer could select authors better than he can. But Marcus says that the fiction in his two volumes "represents the best kind of work done in the last twenty-five years." Even if I accept his list of authors without quarrel or quibble, I still think his statement is untrue. Does the short story "The Renegade" represent Camus' fiction at its best? Is Mailer best represented by "The Man Who Studied Yoga"? Or Styron by "The Long March"? Or Doris Lessing by "To Room Nineteen"? Or Malamud by "The Magic Barrel"? Or Jean Stafford by "The Interior Castle"?

These authors and "the world of modern fiction" are represented at their best by their best novels, not by these shorter works. Marcus seems to have used the anthologist's familiar back-formation: he has made up a list of outstanding authors of his period and field and then has chosen something from each – not by exclusively literary standards but also by the financial and physical demands of his project. True, he has included several short novels, including some that must rank with their authors' finest work: Moravia's *Agostino*, Bellow's *Seize the Day*, Spark's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, O'Connor's *Wise Blood*. True, there would be great economic and manufacturing difficulty in producing a collection that is really representative (like Gassner's). But neither does *this* anthology represent the world of modern fiction at its best. In his too-brief introduction Marcus says that he was hampered by any one reader's limita-

(Continued on page 31)

* *The World of Modern Fiction* Edited by Steven Marcus (Simon & Schuster; $17.50.)



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Bad News from the North

by Stanley Karnow

Television screens project the Vietnam battlefield into millions of living-rooms, and newspapers report the military action in stereotypes that scarcely differ from accounts of the Marne a generation ago. Washington responds to each new challenge in Vietnam with more troops, more guns, more aircraft, more bombs – the power that won wars in the past. If the Vietnam problem were merely a matter of military strength, American power would have produced victory long ago. That it has not – and probably cannot – is itself evidence of a dimension in Vietnam that is beyond the reach of United States force. The extraordinary value of this book is its detailed exploration and description of that dimension.

Vietcong
by Douglas Pike
(M.I.T. Press, $8.95)

Except for the reports of the Australian Communist Wilfred Burchett, with their obvious bias, this is the first book to probe Vietnam from the viewpoint of the South Vietnamese "National Liberation Front," as the Vietcong calls itself. Based almost entirely on public and clandestine Front documents, it is not an easy book to read, and Pike's occasional lapses into academic jargon do not help. Yet it is an important work and it dramatizes the crucial difference between the Front and American efforts.

While the US and its Vietnamese clients have been fighting a war, the Front has devoted itself primarily to promoting a new social order in the country's villages. The Front program has included terror and military action, but as bulwarks to the political struggle, the revolution. In contrast, American tactics have consistently subordinated political imperatives to military priorities. When General Maxwell Taylor formulated the US commitment to the Saigon regime late in 1961, he pruned political reform from the *quid pro quo* plan to satisfy President Ngo Dinh Diem. Later asked by a reporter if reforms were not as important as weapons, Taylor replied, "I'm no theorist."

The political strength of the Front is not just theory. It explains, to a large extent, why Front units have been able to withstand tremendous American poundings. It explains how, time and again, they have reoccupied so-called "pacified" zones. It explains the cohesion of their leadership. It explains why, in the long run, the United States could, like the French in Algeria, "win the war and lose the struggle."

The Front has built up one of the most impressive revolutionary organizations ever created. A pyramid of committees, associations and assorted other groups, it is at once complex and flexible, and it pervades the country. Appropriately, the bulk of Pike's book examines the development and operation of this organization against a background of Vietnamese history.

Chinese domination a thousand years ago left the Vietnamese with a profound resentment against foreign control. This, combined with their clan instinct, generated clandestine organization. In the past, clandestine movements took the form of blood brotherhoods, secret societies and religious fraternities, and their features still survive in South Vietnam's political parties. The model leader of a clandestine organization, Pike points out, is Ho Chi Minh, whose real name remains a mystery.

In molding the Indochinese Communist Party, which led the Vietminh to its triumph over the French, Ho enlarged on the traditional Vietnamese organization to weld the best-disciplined and most experienced political group in the country. That heritage, says Pike, was passed on to the National Liberation Front:

> "Four years of tireless effort, from 1959 through 1962, converted the NLF organizational structure from a loose, disparate collection of dissident groups, often with nothing more in common than hostility for the Diem government, into a tightly knit movement able to demonstrate a coordinated efficiency rare in a developing nation. . . .
>
> The purpose of this vast organizational effort was not simply population control but to restructure the social order of the village and train the villagers to control themselves. This was the NLF's one undeviating thrust from the start. Not the killing of ARVN soldiers, not the occupation of real estate, not the preparation for some great pitched battle at an Armageddon or a Dien Bien Phu, but organization in depth of the rural population through the instrument of self-control – victory by means of the organizational weapon. . . ."

The organization was built by teams of agitators and propagandists working in various ways. They created associations of farmers, women, youths, Buddhists and other groups, which in turn put pressure on rural Vietnamese. They responded to grievances, playing on the many injustices of the Saigon regime. They employed terror – mainly against officials – to demonstrate their superiority over the government. By and large, however, they relied more on persuasion than coercion. Beginning in 1960, in Pike's estimation, the Front "reached to some degree into virtually every village in the country."

The most debatable thesis in Pike's book is his contention that the Front "projected a social construction program of such scope and ambition that

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of necessity it must have been created in Hanoi and imported." Only Ho Chi Minh's organizational genius, he submits, could have conceived a movement of "such skill, precision and refinement." This interpretation runs counter to the view of Philippe Devillers and others, who have argued that the Front was formed by impatient Southern Communists who felt that they had been abandoned by Hanoi. Only after the Front began organizing its resistance to Diem, Devillers has written, was Hanoi to find "that its hand had been forced."

Whichever explanation is accurate, Pike is careful to avoid indicting North Vietnam as the "aggressor." And while he leaves no doubt that the Front was initially Communist at its core, its support was widespread. Religious sects, ethnic minorities, various opportunists and others turned to it because, under Diem, "they had been denied participation in South Vietnam's political process, even in the role of loyal opposition."

Despite its links with Hanoi, too, the Front seriously entertained the idea of an authentic coalition government in Saigon. Pike cites a secret document dated August 1962 in which Front leaders raised the possibility of a solution similar to that found for Laos. A year later, the Front Chairman, Nguyen Huu Tho, wrote to the UN General Assembly calling for, among other things, an end to US participation in Vietnamese affairs and a "neutral coalition government" in Saigon. It is tempting to speculate on how Washington would react to those offers today.

It is equally tempting to wonder what course the Front would take if it had those three years again. The downfall of Diem in November 1963 was critical for the Front. Its target gone, the movement ceased to hold meaning for many of its adherents. This coincided with growing North Vietnamese involvement in the South, involvement that led, last year, to an attempt to gain military victory instead of negotiating.

Yet the Front's political strength is still there, which is why the battle scenes on the TV screens are only a small part of the Vietnamese picture. And tragically, those battles may turn out to have been futile.

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Hyde Park

by Jesse Bier

1.

It was one more funeral. Wreaths were hung.
His proper poets were dying around the world, too young
to compose anything but themselves for death: no time like then
for elegies of fragrant grief. And no lilacs yet.

Good grey poets seemed indifferent when
the news came in. The long train
struggled up the coast; the great sun set.
Who dared to claim a special pain
while war went on? Stars and moon fell
on other shoulders, a blinding sky
glowed prophetic over Los Alamos, twilit hell
bridged the Rhine, and Iwo Jima lay hulking in the sea. To die
just then was to add one figure to a long row
of numbers. He failed in the Georgia sunlight – and now
arrives at death's majority. There is a dew,
long past April, upon the grass among these trees he knew.

2.

Give us this day
our fluent ease:
heroic couplets to redeem the time,
a spray
of evergreen music, one resurrecting phrase,
tentative talent like a tongue to please:
no praise of prose set to rhyme
and pressed in margins to deceive
it into form – but new bud of laurel – a surprise of bays –
and the hope of poetry in a single word's reprieve.

Cape and cigarette holder and the jaw tilted up.
Our face to the world. If he stood upon infirmity,
his law was a poise grown to grace
and he reached the rostrum like a pulpit, preaching
Dutch courage. It was not what he said exactly
but exactly how he looked.

Were vast pluralities moved?
They voted as they loved.

Wan like the ghost of Wilson at the last, his heart
pled hemorrhages before the brain, while he brooded
a peace that never came. It is not the gaunt
conclusion we recall, though how a man is haunted finally
counts. . . . Other likeliness is best.

He calculated the nation in thirds and saw it
whole. Some selfish few would clip an eagle's wings
to feather private nests – but power
was a public flight: and a hundred thousand birds
of war grew global wings, after infamy.

More likely yet – in mischief, with his broadest smile
for first settlers, greeting dar-
lings of the land as "Fellow Immigrants"
in their exclusive hall. . . . And not too proud to confess
sleepless nights with Marshall out of the country: as on a clear
fair day in Africa, he lunched with a sandwich in his hands,
rumpled hat cocked on his head and a commanding
general on the running board.

Never was there Hail to such a Chief
while sieg heils sounded overseas.
In nightmare, avuncular weight vanquished the thief
of our dreams, who fled him down dim corridors, and burned. No frieze
for that victory in the mind, before the fact? . . . Cast
him in bronze, mantled like his cape – he wore
it well at that, right to the last.
Or what's a President for?

There are no perfect heroes. He had his self-concern,
human after all. But he might have chosen patrician
retirement with his stamps and sailboats. He kept another rendezvous.

This was the only fear he had to fear –
sudden eventuality, no last elation.
The voice fades on air waves of the past, streets renamed here
and there. He lacks his celebration.

He should have gone explosively to death, slumped
in a theater stall – or been rifled like our younger one
who fought the war he led. We cry no memorials
to a private sufferance . . . and forget.

He had the affinity
for office fit to the dignity
we gave.
The grave
he lies in holds a man
noble republican
beyond parties of belief
in democratic grief.

3.

Pity is unrequired in this park.
Lilacs grow from marble. By the dark
and ceaseless river all words are music, and assuage.

Gone the tumult. Gone the rage.
And these gone years are long.
For his too quiet rest – one belated song.

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Miss Renault's Olympic Game

by Philip Toynbee

" 'Weary am I by the thigh of Zeus,' sighed Aristotle, 'and bored stiff by all these whores and Lesbian malcontents. You really ought to read my *Ethics*, dears.' Save for the delight of the Stagarite's presence in that assembly of city notables I would have written off the whole lot of them as a bunch of squares. But when I perceived the sacred, four-pronged lustral fork hanging to the right hand of the portal, and the *ambulates* erect beneath it, I knew, with a tremor of fear commingled with exaltation, that royalty was present in the house. The wind sighed sullenly along the Thracian shore, as if to confirm me in my momentary alarm. . . ."

The Mask of Apollo
by Mary Renault
(Pantheon; $5.95)

This is not, I'm glad to be able to say, a quotation from Mary Renault's new book, but a concoction which I have devised to illustrate the kind of perils which beset the modern historical novelist. Yet the passage may be taken as a legitimate parody of Miss Renault: she commits all the faults which are presented above, though she does so with more discretion than the caricature allows.

The gravest and most ubiquitous fault of her book is that stylistic embarrassment which comes from trying to combine a weighty and archaizing tone with the kind of modern colloquialisms which are meant to bring the long-dead to life again. It is easy enough to see how the fault came to be committed, but less easy to excuse it. If all the language used were to be modern – including, presumably, such anachronistic monstrosities as the use of Freudian terminology – then it becomes difficult to excuse the choice of a remote historical period. If Achilles suspects that he is suffering from an Oedipus complex why not make Achilles an altogether modern man; give him another name; put him in another and more suitable context?

But if, on the other hand, the narrator and all the protagonists of a historical novel speak an unmitigated gadzookery how will the reader ever be able to lend them his credulity? They will remain pasteboard figures, in whose fustian conversation and behavior no modern man can be expected to take an interest.

Another fault of the genre which I have tried to illustrate in my imaginary quotation is the tendency of the writer to show off his detailed historical knowledge. A niggling circumstantiality, a pedantic exactitude, are constantly holding up the action in order to create an atmospheric verisimilitude. But it is just the opposite effect which is achieved: my passage about the lustral fork is as absurd as if, in a modern novel, the author felt it necessary to describe in detail the appearance and function of an automatic toaster. (Come to think of it this is just what the *anti-novelist* does like to do.)

Again there are dreadful perils in wait for the historical novelist who introduces real people into his narrative. We can accept the quoted remarks of an imaginary character much more easily than the same remarks ascribed to someone who really existed. Yet Plato and Dion of Syracuse are two of the principal characters in Miss Renault's book, and we are even introduced to Alexander and Aristotle at the end, as if for good measure.

Finally, the most insidious and least avoidable of all faults is the tendency to make the characters think and feel in ways which would have been inconceivable in the chosen period. In my passage above I have used the device of montage – in this case the pathetic fallacy – in a way which no ancient Greek or Roman had ever thought of. That sullen wind is an entirely modern jeu d'esprit, and I doubt

Notes on Contributors

Stanley Karnow *is* The Washington Post's *correspondent in Hong Kong.* Jesse Bier *is on the English faculty of the University of Montana.* Philip Toynbee *is completing a trilogy of novels.* Stanley Moss *is the author of* The Wrong Angel.

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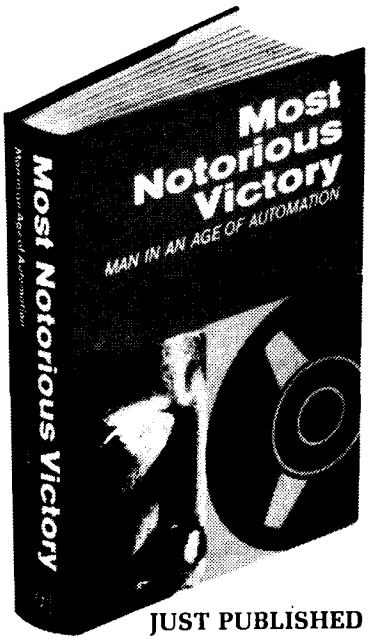
–from the Foreword by Robert L. Heilbroner



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if it was ever used in any narrative before the middle of the 18th Century.

Because Miss Renault falls into all these pits – indeed is seldom out of at least one of them – I cannot feel that her novel is a success. She has been highly praised, and in particular for writing novels in which "the remote past comes to life as the immediate present." Even if she were able to do this the achievement would be a masterpiece of the historical but not necessarily of the fictional imagination. But I cannot feel that these monstrous hybrids – fourth-Century Greeks, talking a language which is half biblical and half modern-colloquial; thinking thoughts which are half the reconstructed and more or less realistic thoughts of the chosen period and half the kind of thoughts which were available to nobody before our own time – I cannot feel that these hybrids would ever make suitable protagonists for a modern novel.

Miss Renault's book tells the story of an imaginary Athenian actor called Nikeratos. We learn a great deal about the ancient Attic stage, and I'm sure that what we learn is accurate. We then learn a great deal about Syracuse under the tyrant Dionysius and a great deal – which does not even pretend to be accurate – about the actions and thoughts of Plato. It may be said, I think, that Miss Renault has shown a good deal of skill in creating an atmosphere of decline and decadence after the greatness of the previous century. There is a poetry of decline and nostalgia in this book which makes it, perhaps, almost worth reading if one is well placed for leisure time. But heaven knows there are plenty of modern environments which would have provided the same sort of atmosphere.

And the advantages of sticking more or less to one's own time are so immense and obvious that I find it hard to understand why anyone chooses this intractable alternative. We communicate with our contemporaries in a kind of shorthand: we are able to dispense with elaborate circumstantiality simply because so much understanding can be taken for granted. In fact the novelist of modern times starts at a later and far more sophisticated point in the long history of narrative technique. For not only can he take a great deal of understanding for granted, but he can use every existing narrative technique without anachronism. And besides, surely one of the main delights of writing is to describe something which we ourselves have witnessed and contemplated. The historical novelist renounces this pleasure for the sake of the very dubious satisfaction of achieving a tour-de-force.

I don't know whether Miss Renault could write a good novel about her own times: I am inclined to doubt it. But she has preferred to give herself a task which has hardly ever been successfully accomplished – *War and Peace* (only just historical); *Marius the Epicurean* (a magical but fantastic recreation); Scott (but all his best novels, too, dealt with a period only just before his own.) In any case I am all too sure that Miss Renault hasn't written a good *novel*.

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Country Boy

by Stanley Moss

When the poets have significantly recreated a country, that country may be said to have a culture. It was in this context that Valéry replied to his own question, "Who is the greatest French poet?" by answering, "France." America has not and will not produce a single great man of genius who speaks for all of us. (In relatively homogenous France, whoever succeeds de Gaulle to the Elysée Palace, whether of the left or of the right, will no doubt keep on the cook.) In America, our tastes and religions are too diverse, the classes too fluid, for a single poet to celebrate. The American Jerusalem is being built like the fortress-monasteries of old Spain, by artisans who contribute a single signed stone, perhaps several. Nobody builds a wall.

The Rescued Year
by William Stafford
(Harper & Row; $3.95)

William Stafford comes from Hutchinson, Kansas. During high school years his family pushed west. He speaks for himself and small-town people. With irony as thin as Bible paper he takes this position:

"Mine was a Midwest home – you
can keep your world.
Plain black hats rode the thoughts
that made our code.
We sang hymns in the house; the
roof was near God."

In the poem "Fifteen," Stafford recalls an incident behind the willows of his boyhood. He comes across a fallen motorcyclist. Shocked by the bruised and bleeding stranger, young Stafford helps the man back on the machine, and the motorcyclist roars away. Such intrusions are infrequent. Stafford tries to avoid encounters with the "left-handed world that other people see."

"But where I come from withdrawal
is easy to forgive."

He ends this poem, saying:

"Forgive me these shadows I cling
to, good people:
Trying to hold quiet in my prologue.
Hawks cling the barrens wherever
I live.
The world says, "Dog eat dog."

You read from one "ordinary" setting to the next until suddenly you realize that someone like the bleeding motorcyclist crashes into almost all of Stafford's poems. And that motorcyclist is the poet himself. Take this "simple" poem rescued in this volume from his first unavailable collection:

Our people

Under the killdeer cry
our people hunted all day
greying toward winter, their lodges
thin to the north wind's edge.

Watching miles of marsh grass
take the supreme caress,
they looked out over the earth,
and the north wind felt like the
truth.
Fluttering in that wind
they stood there on the world,
clenched in their own lived story
under the killdeer cry."

Stafford wants us to read the line "under the killdeer cry" twice. Why the choice of "killdeer," the bird overhead whose very name evokes death and states the action? Note the hunters, "our people," are touched by the truth. The poet stands a distance apart; the distance between "our people" and my people. The poet himself is the casualty of the poem, the motorcyclist, the element that doesn't fit. Rhymes, rightly, are imperceptible: cry / day, grass / caress, earth / truth.

Stafford can be his opposite; not simple but complex, not withdrawn, but engaged in a battle for his soul. He is closer to Faust than to Job. Halfway into "The Rescued Year," Stafford, who began by writing: "Mine was a Midwest Home – you can keep your world," writes, "Ours is a low, curst, under-swamp land," and concludes al-

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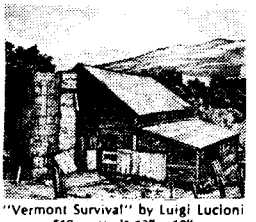

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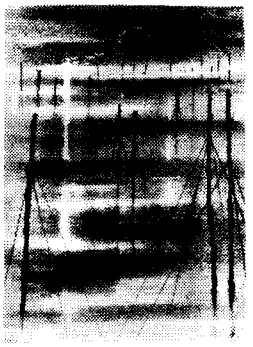

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most sensuously, "And if we purify the pond, the lilies die."

Nature for Melville was malignant, for Frost almost indifferent. Stafford uses nature like a real son of the wheat belt: he cultivates her. Under a simple sketch from nature, one may find a complex moral study. Take the fine poem, "A Human Condition." Stafford exposes the impossibility of really domesticating the human animal. He opens by saying:

"If there is a forest anywhere
the one you live with whimpers in her
sleep or construes a glance wrong,
. . ."

I cannot imagine a European poet, or even a poet of the eastern coast of the United States using nature in such a way, as Stafford does in the final beautifully tortuous stanza:

"But there are farms – to see them in the evening
extends your breath; you hover their hills
with regard for a world that offers human beings
a lavish, a deepening abode, in the evening,
like them. These places could have been home,
are lost to you now. They are foreign but good.
There are these farms."

Toward the close of this extraordinary volume one comes across two companion poems: "Once Men Were Created" and "The Animal that Drank up Sound." Here, Stafford deserts his eyes; he moves into the echoing canyons of the west and listens like a blind animal given at once the gift of deafness and perfect pitch. His language moves into a high frequency that almost hurts the ear, not because of its beat but because of sharp changes in altitude, the speed with which the reader goes back and forth between the real objects and things infinite.

"Some thought it was only morning, or water;
a few held their ears and ran, but it just got louder.
One hoped and flooded his head and welcomed
every leaf and tap and the whole siren of the world.
But they all crazed fell,
checked and crystallized and cold."

In the course of this volume, Stafford moves from half-innocence to experience to loneliness.

FILMS

Youth is Beauty

Masculine Feminine is that rare movie achievement: a work of grace and beauty in a contemporary setting. Godard has liberated his feeling for modern youth from the American gangster-movie framework which limited his expressiveness and his relevance to the non-movie centered world. He has taken up the strands of what was most original in his best films – the life of the uncomprehending heroine, the blank-eyed career-happy little opportunist-betrayer from *Breathless*, and the hully-gully, the dance of sexual isolation, from *Band of Outsiders*. Using neither crime nor the romance of crime but a simple romance for a kind of interwoven story line, Godard has, at last, created the form he needed. It is a combination of essay, journalistic sketches, news and portraiture, love lyric and satire.

Masculine Feminine
(Royal International – Columbia)

What fuses it? The line, "This film could be called The Children of Marx and Coca Cola." The theme is the fresh beauty of youth amidst the flimsiness of Pop culture and Pop politics. The boy (Jean-Pierre Léaud) is full of doubts and questions, but a Pop revolutionary; the girl (Chantal Goya) is a yé-yé singer making her way.

It is fused by the differing attitudes of

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the sexes to love and war even in this atmosphere of total and easy disbelief, of government policies accepted with the same contempt as TV commercials. The romance is punctuated with aimless acts of aggression and martyrdom: this is young love in a time of irreverence and hopelessness. These lovers and their friends, united by indifference and disdain toward the adult world, have a new kind of community in their shared disbelief. Politically they are anti-American enough to be American.

They are also Americanized. This community of unbelievers has a style of life by which they recognize each other; it is made up of everything adults attack as the worst and shoddiest forms of Americanization and dehumanization. It is the variety of forms of "Coca Cola" – the synthetic life they were born to and which they love, and which they make human, and more beautiful and more "real" than the old just-barely-hanging-on adult culture. Membership is automatic and natural for the creatures from inner space. The signals are jukebox songs, forms of dress, and, above all, what they do with their hair. Americanization makes them an international society; they have the beauty of youth which can endow Pop with poetry, and they have their feeling for each other and all those shared products and responses by which they know each other.

There are all sorts of episodes and details and jokes in the film that may be extraneous, but they seem to fit, to be part of the climate, the mood, the journalistic approach to this new breed between teen-agers and people. Even if you don't really like some pieces or can't understand why they're there, even if you think they're not well done (like the episode out of LeRoi Jones, or the German boy and prostitute bit, or the brief appearance of Bardot, or the parody of *The Silence* which isn't as ludicrously pretentious as *The Silence* itself, or the ambiguous death of the hero – the end of him like a form of syntax marking the end of the movie) they're not too jarring. The rhythms, and the general sense, and the emotion that builds up can carry you past what you don't understand: you don't need to understand every detail in order to experience the beauty of the work as it's going on. An Elizabethan love song is no less beautiful because we don't catch all the words; and when we look up the words, some of the meanings, the references, the idiom may still elude us. Perhaps the ache of painful, transient beauty is that we never can completely understand, and that, emotionally, we more than understand. *Masculine Feminine* has that ache, and its subject is a modern young lover's lament at the separateness of the sexes.

Godard has caught the girl now in demand (and in full supply), as no one else has. Chantal Goya, like Sylvie Vartan (whose face on a billboard dominates some of the scenes), is incredibly pretty but not beautiful, because there is nothing behind the eyes. Chantal Goya's face is haunting just because it's so empty: she doesn't look back. Her face becomes alive only when she's looking in the mirror, toying with her hair. Her thin, reedy little singing voice is just as pleasantly, perfectly empty, and it is the new sound. There's nothing behind it musically or emotionally. The young girls in the movie are soulless – as pretty and lost and soulless as girls appear to a lover who can make physical contact and yet cannot make

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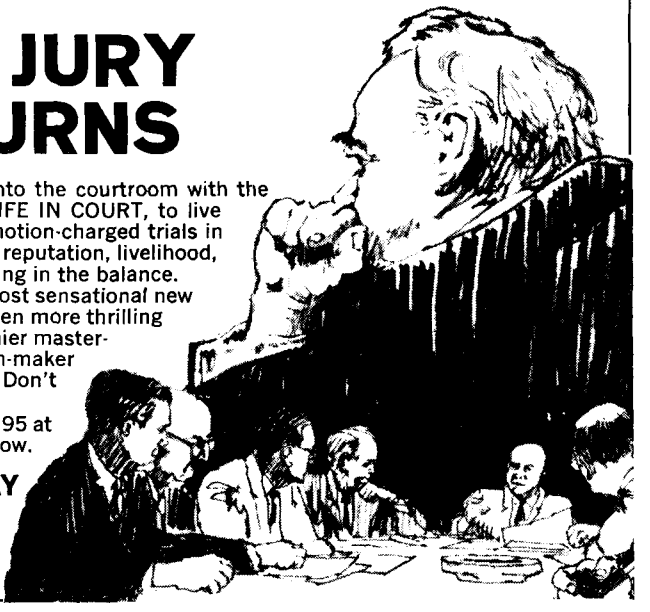

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the full contact he longs for, the contact that would heal. The girl he loves sleeps with him and is forever lost to him. She is the ideal – the girl in the fashion magazines she buys.

Possibly what flawed the conception of *My Life to Live* was the notion of the prostitute giving her body but keeping her soul to herself, because there was no evidence of what she was said to be holding back. Now, in *Masculine Feminine*, Godard is no longer trying to tell just the girl's story but the story of how a lover may feel about his girl, and we can see that it's not because she's a prostitute that he gets the sense that she isn't giving everything but because she's a girl, and (as the camera of *My Life to Live* revealed though it wasn't the story being told) a love object. A lover may penetrate her body but there is still an opaque, impenetrable surface that he can never get through. He can have her and have her and she is never his.

The attraction of this little singer is that she isn't known, can't be known, and worst of all, probably there's nothing to know (which is what we may have suspected in *My Life to Live*). The ache of love is reaching out to a blank wall, which in this case smiles back. This male view of the eternal feminine mystery is set in the childlike simplicity of modern relations: before they go out on their first date, the boy and girl discuss going to bed. Easy sex is like a new idiom, but their talk of the pill is not the same as having it, and the spectre of pregnancy hovers over them. The old sexual morality is gone but the mysteries of love and isolation remain; availability cancels out the pleasurable torments of anticipation, but not the sadness afterward. The lover is surrounded by blank, faintly smiling walls.

With the new breed, Godard is able to define the romantic problem precisely and essentially. This approachable girl who adores Pepsi – the French cousin of Jean Seberg in *Breathless* – is as mysterious as a princess seen from afar, *more* mysterious because the princess might change if we got close. The boy says, what's in "masculine" – mask and ass, what's in "feminine" – nothing. And that's what defeats him. Worse than losing a love is holding it in your arms and not finding it.

In *Masculine Feminine* Godard asks

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questions of youth and sketches a portrait in a series of question-answer episodes that are the dramatic substance of the movie. The method was prefigured by the psychiatric interview in Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* (Léaud, now the questioning hero, was the child-hero who was quizzed), the celebrity interview in *Breathless*, and cinema vérité movies by Jean Rouch and Chris Marker. It is most like Chris Marker's rapturous inquiry of the young Japanese girl in *The Koumiko Mystery*. There are informal boy-to-boy conversations about women and politics; there is a phenomenal six-minute single-take parody-interview conducted by the hero with a Miss Nineteen, who might be talking while posing for the cover of *Glamour;* and there are two boy-girl sessions which define the contemporary meaning of *masculine* and *feminine*. These dialogues are dating-talk as a form of preliminary sex-play – verbal courtship rites. The boy thrusts with leading questions, the girl parries, backs away, touches her hair. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal, the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms – the rhythms of the dance – as no one has before. *Masculine Feminine* is the dance of the sexes drawing together and remaining separate. He gets the little things that people who have to follow scripts can't get: the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do but how they smile or look away.

What can a boy believe that a girl says, what can she believe of what he says? We watch them telling lies and half-truths to each other and we can't tell which are which. But, smiling in the darkness because we know we've all been there, we recognize the truth of Godard's art. He must have discovered his subject as he worked on it (as a man working on a big-budget movie with a fixed shooting-schedule cannot). And because he did, we do, too. We can read all those special fat issues of magazines devoted to youth and not know any more than we do after watching big TV specials on youth. But even in the ladies' lounge right after the movie, there were the girls, so pretty they hardly seemed real, standing in a revery at the mirror, toying with their shiny hair. Godard

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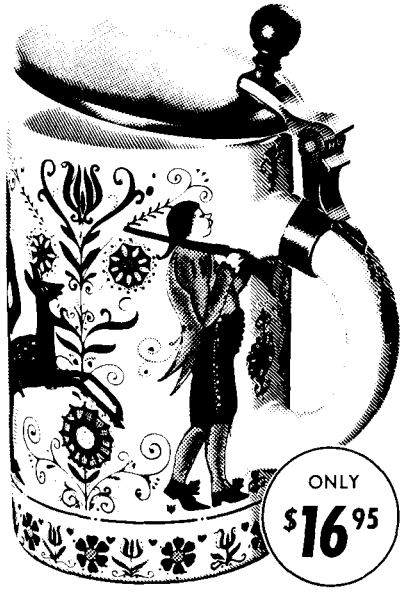

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has imposed his vision and experience confirms it. What more can one ask of an artist?

There is a question that remains, however: why haven't more people responded to this movie? Maybe because *Masculine Feminine* is not only partial to youth but partial as a view, and movie hucksterism has accustomed people to big claims (and movie experience to big flops). Maybe because Godard has made so many films and critics have often urged the worst upon the public. I would not recommend *The Married Woman* or *Pierrot le Fou:* Godard loves the games and style of youth but does not have the same warm feeling for older characters. He presents them as failed youth: they don't grow up, they just deteriorate, and those movies become cold and empty. But there's life in *Masculine Feminine,* which shows the most dazzlingly inventive and audacious artist in movies today at a new peak. PAULINE KAEL

Correspondence

Who Gets in the Army?

Sirs:

I view with horror and outrage Daniel Moynihan's suggestion ("Who Gets in the Army?" November 5) that the only answer to the problems of the poor young black American is to toss him to the military.

At a time when young Americans see their futures disappearing in Vietnam and all the Vietnams almost inevitably to come – when the President and the Congress see fit to sacrifice young men for some absurd notion of an Americanized world – to advise that the armed forces are the answer to socialization of the youthful poor is obscene.

If, as Mr. Moynihan admits, the nation has failed to properly educate a certain segment of its young men, how can he then suggest that it is rational or just to push those who have been wronged out of sight and into the war machine? . . .

In case Mr. Moynihan has forgotten, might I remind him that the purpose of the military is not to build men. It is to kill, and also, Mr. Moynihan, to

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Editor of a Monthly Misnomer

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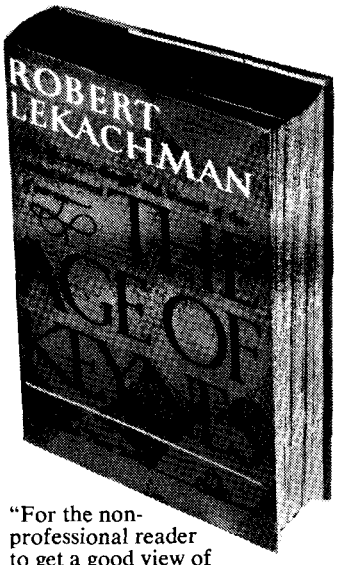

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be killed. What about those dead poor, Mr. Moynihan? Are they to be expendable in the name of socialization?

Steven A. Bookshester
Skokie, Illinois

I find Daniel Moynihan's suggestion that the army be used as a "socializing experience" as useless as it is morally repugnant. The suggestion is useless because in no important sense does the American army "socialize." Its entire function is to create beings who are intensely anti-social in their behavior and outlook. The suggestion is morally repugnant in that it admits that only through the means of the state at war can individuals be trained to fulfill socially useful and personally meaningful tasks. But perhaps I misread him. Mr. Moynihan has been "misunderstood" before. Do I "misunderstand" him again?

Robert Weiss
Kansas State University

Kauffmann, *from page 17*

tions, by scarcity of translations, by unavailability of permissions. But even within those limitations, the selection is unsatisfactory – by those literary standards with which Marcus' name is justly associated.

Marcus points out that the great age of fiction of the 19th and 20th centuries coincided with the age in which modern psychology was discovered or invented, and that the two ages were coterminous.

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It is fair and precise; and – unavoidably, one may say – his selections outline this new territory. But a number

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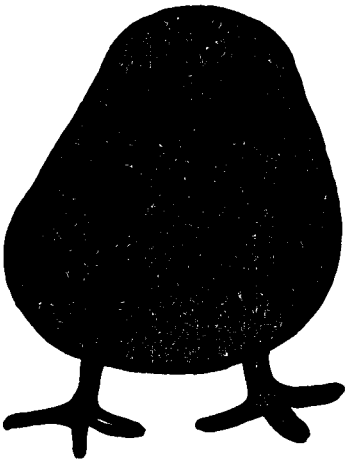

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